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Once upon a time there was a zine called The Lighter Side of the Force. There was one story in there that I liked particularly, but I felt it would be better with a little more drama in it. So over the last few months, I wrote it.

I hope you enjoy reading this story. It's lots of fun, so get comfortable and dig into:

A Correllian Condition

C. A. Siebert

Captain Han Solo stretched and relaxed, booted ankles crossed, as he tried to decide how to spend the rest of the day. He needed company, but the only one around was Luke, and they'd had too much of each others company the last few days.

Smiling, he reflected that for once the Falcon looked pretty good. After all, he'd spent the last three months checking everything. There hadn't been much else to do. He shook his head sorrowfully. Next time the kid decided to go to Dagobah, he could talk someone else into taking him, or jump out from orbit. Han had no intention of trying to get mud and creepers off the Falcon again.

The kid had enjoyed himself. That mighty Jedi had taught him all sorts of things. Luke was probably sitting in the aft cabin, going over his lessons in 'Jedihood'. A wide smile crossed Solo's face. Maybe he should drag the kid down to the local brothel and show him a thing or two. A devilish light shown from his eyes.

The Corelli shook his head. No, Luke wouldn't enjoy it. He was too pretty and he still looked like a farm boy on his first trip to the big city. He'd get himself picked up by some old bugger who knew how to handle innocent boys.

Thinking of it, reminded Han of his first male lover. Old Bodo had known his stuff. The difference in their ages and experience hadn't counted for much. He wondered what had happened to Bodo. Probably long dead...

How long had they been together? Three years on and off? Han had been sour on all women after Tesu. He got over that with the help of Nessy, a beautiful dancer that Bodo introduced him to. Han had been young enough not to realize that Bodo was trying to cool their relationship, and by the time he found out, it was done. He was grateful now that the old man had been so gentle and understanding. But at the time it had hurt. It had also made him wary of strong personal relationships.

He shrugged, brushing away the pain. Then a smile lit his face. Thinking of Bodo had reminded him how much fun a man could be. It had been awhile since he'd found a compatible male partner. There weren't that many men he liked that well. But he and Luke were close. They got along. He wondered what Luke would do if he asked the kid to join him in bed. A rueful grin grew slowly. Luke wasn't likely to agree. Then his lips twisted in a wry smile. When, (no, If) the kid understood, he'd blush from the tips of his hair to his well mannered toes. Han decided he wouldn't put the youngster on the spot. In the first place he valued the young man's friendship, and in the second, what he really needed was a woman.

The Corelli let visions of sultry maidens he had known float through his mind, conjuring up a composite of innocence and depravity that suited his mood. He was partial to blondes and redheads (and most any woman with an interest in sex as lusty as his own, and as few inhibitions). He lowered his legs and stood. He was unlikely to find such a woman aboard the Falcon.

Solo yelled at Luke to watch the ship and got a muffled reply as the younger man hurried forward.

Before the pleasure seeking Captain could step out, a visitor arrived. "What are you doing on my ship?" he asked, hand on blaster.

"Your ship?"

Long experience told the Corelli that the form under the lumpy coverall was female. Her boyish face had thrown him till he saw her eyes. The knowledge in them was wholly female.

Solo felt a surge of desire course through him, a hunger he rarely allowed himself. Smiling he pulled her against him, feeling her body press into his with similiar interest. "Yeah, my ship." Looking into her eyes he knew that she felt the same way he did. If he didn't get her down to his cabin quickly, the kid would be exposed to the facts of life, fast. He wrapped an our around her waist and headed toward his room, telling his goggle-eyed partner, "Keep an eye on things, kid."

Luke shook his head, wondering how his friend had known she'd be agreeable, or even what she looked like under those coveralls. Probably they were old friends, and it was their way of saying hello. He knew they must be laughing at his blushes, but he couldn't help it.

Luke was wrong. Neither of the two were thinking about him. They were too busy getting acquainted. They found themselves well matched. Before long they had sunk into a whirlpool of desire. Neither of them were afraid to reach for the joy of existence and accept it's gifts greedily.

Luke sensed worry from the little man outside the Falcon. It was directed at something happening aboard the ship. He kept fretting about the 'wrong one'. Luke, wondering what the problem was, stretched his perception and listened as the man's mind babbled. He was Ochoan and it was hard for Luke to follow his alien way of thinking.

/Luck...perhaps I will be lucky...she is strong...she could take both.../

Luke lost the tie wondering, both what? It didn't make any sense. Maybe he was just imagining things. He made a check of the ship's systems, trying to drive the nervous thoughts out of his mind. If this was what it meant to use the Force, he'd be better off without it. After a while, he decided the mad worrier wasn't going to go away. He listened in, reasoning that he could use the practice.

/She's been in there long enough. Surely it is done. The Aphro Ray will wear off soon./

Luke lost the train of thought. Aphro Ray? Was that what it sounded like? He concentrated on the alien's thoughts. He had to know who, or what was behind this.

/If it fails, it will be by chance, and perhaps the Dark Lord will not be angry./

Luke shocked, lost contact with the Ochoan. Vader was behind this? But why should he send a woman to seduce Han? He searched for the tenuous strand of thought and pulled himself back to the little Ochoan.

/Certainly there will be a child. Was she not ripe, and a strong woman, capable of bearing good seed? Why had she gone with the other? Was the youngster undesirable? Oh, why did I ever take this job? And why does Lord Vader want this young man's child? No, I do not want to know the answer to that. I will do as I am ordered. Nothing more. And if I fail, certainly the Dark One will be lenient./

Luke could have told him how wrong he was about Vader tolerating failure, but he was in a state of shock. The woman had been sent after him. Vader wanted his child. Why? To raise as his successor, knowing only the evil side of the force? To blackmail him?

He shook himself free of the nerve deadening horror. Did Vader know where they were? Or had the Ochoan been given his orders without a sure knowledge of their position? He needed answers.

Solo opened his eyes cautiously, trying to remember where he was. He felt like the end of a two week binge. He tried to lift his head and groaned. Make that a three week binge. What happened?

Then he remembered. The woman who had come aboard. He slowly reviewed the last few hours. Laughing in the shower as she splashed him and slipped out of his grasp, teasing him with soapy hands. Her interest in his distinctly Corellian navel. The sweet agony of the rubbed pouch lip. How had she known that would send him into a nova explosion? Her obvious joy in his manipulations. He'd been fortunate enough to have quite a few women tell him what they liked. The room swayed as he remembered the firm feel of her soft skin under his hands, against his body; her lips pulling at his soul, devouring him, sucking him into a hyperspace of spinning stars.

Behind closed eyes, he took a long, deep breath, wondering if she was still around. She'd demanded more of him than any woman he'd had in a long time. If she was still here, she probably wanted more, and right at the moment, he was worn out. He opened his eyes carefully and looked at the woman.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, eyes closed, head held as if the slightest movement would send it spinning into space. Han had to admit that she wasn't his idea of a beautiful woman. She had full firm breasts and rounded hips tapering to a slender waist, but there wasn't much excess on her solid frame. Her face was wide with a square chin, hair pulled back into a short braid at the crown of her head. Her hands were large with lean callused fingers barely covered by blunt cut nails. No, not his idea of a beautiful woman. There was also the fact that she was sitting up and he barely had the strength to open his eyes. He half listened to her muttering.

"Six months and you have to have a man. The first time you run into a handsome devil and you flip all your circuits. Now you know why it never works." She shook her head imprudently and groaned. "Oy, have I got a head."

Han's groan mingled with hers as he managed to pull himself to a sitting position. "What did you do to me?" he asked, as reports from outlying parts of his body managed to make themselves felt over the pain in his head.

"Me?" she shot back. "If you hadn't come on like a Fycian on a mating flight..."

"Me?" he retorted. "You came aboard my ship."

"I..."

Luke opened the door, cutting off her obviously angry reply. "If you two will keep quiet, I'll explain what happened."

Both looked at the youngster, too tired after their heated debate to battle him.

Luke tried not to blush, and failed. Neither of them had made any move to get dressed or cover their bodies. He pulled the slightly built Ochoan into the doorway and concentrated on his account. "This gentleman shot you with an Aphro Ray," he told the woman. "He was..."

He stopped as she advanced on the quaking captive. "You little bag of bones. You used your funny gun on me, made me..."

Han joined in, "Of all the low down, slimy..." He was reaching for the Ochoan's thin neck.

"No." Her hand closed on the Corelli's wrist with surprising strength. Something in her voice stopped him.

Han looked at her in surprise. Her eyes were surprisingly mild.

"You might hurt him." Her voice was gentle, kind. "And I wouldn't want that."

She reached out with her free hand and touched the Ochoan's forehead. She concentrated briefly and for a moment his face held incredible joy. She lifted her hand and his face slid back into it's worried, puzzled lines. "You can let him go," she told Luke. She turned a solemn gaze on the slight Ochoan. "You'll never recapture the moment I gave you."

He stared at her in horror and fled.
She smiled and turned back toward the bed, picking up her clothes.
The two men stared at her, then traded a look to be sure that the other thought the same thing.
She tossed Solo's pants at him. He caught them automatically.
"Well, get dressed," she suggested, "Or do you like showing off your body?" She grinned wryly, eyeing him speculatively, as she shrugged the coverall into place. "Not that you don't have the build for it," she admitted.
Solo returned her direct appraisal as well as he could, and managed to get his pants on. He figured it'd make Luke feel better. He was searching for his shirt, when she turned to him and held out her hand. He took it returning her firm grip.
She smiled. "I wish I could say it wasn't a pleasure," head canted, eyebrows lifted in a regretful sigh, "Rut it was."
She stepped past Luke without a glance and was gone.
Han stared after her, his forgotten shirt hanging in his hand. "kid, I'm beginning to think I don't know nothing about women."
Luke smiled, and, wisely, said nothing.

Luke was shocked when Han Solo crumpled, sprawled on the deck. He ran forward to help his friend.
"Damn fool Corelli," the smuggler muttered, "Shoulda known better than to take chances. Shoulda gone directly to the rendezvous, 'stead a takin' on those two extra runs."
Luke, ignoring his friend's raving, carried him down to the Falcon's small sickbay. "Han."
Solo looked up at the younger man and realized where he was. "Looks like you get to pilot us, kid," he said. "I ain't gonna be in no condition," he snorted sarcastically.
"What's wrong?" Luke asked.
"I'm a damn fool, that's what's wrong." Seeing no disagreement on his young friend's face, he grimaced a 'you don't have to agree with me look' and explained, "It's a Corellian condition. Normally it's no problem, as long as you stay out of hyperspace."
Luke started for the door. "I'll get us back in normal space."
"No!" Solo doubled over with the force of his yell. When he regained his breath he explained. "Look, kid, you know how long it'd take us to catch up with the fleet at sublight speeds?"
"But..."
"I'll he fine," Han assured him. "Just bring me the blue box from the medical kit."
Luke found the blue box marked 'Emergency Supplies,' and brought it back. He fully expected it to contain a stiff drink. Instead he watched as the Corellian sat up, reached into the box and pulled out a standard hypo. With a practiced twist, he filled it from a solid cylinder and held it against his body just above the inside of his hipbone. He grunted stoically and repeated the action on the other side.
The young Tatooin gulped, but put the equipment away as his friend took a couple of deep breaths, regaining some of his natural color.
Standing carefully, Han said, "Don't worry, kid. I'll be all right." He started to slip to the floor and Luke caught him.
"Sure you will."
"Takes a little while for the medication to work," the Corelli muttered. "I'll just lay down for a while."
Luke half carried his friend back to his cabin, then returned to the cockpit after Solo groused that he didn't need a nursemaid.
"I sure hope you know what you're doing," Luke said as he walked down the corridor. It didn't take any Jedi talent to guess that whatever had happened had badly upset the man. He wondered what was going on, but was sure Han would tell him, eventually. He just wished the smuggler was more trusting.

Han Solo lay on his bunk and tried to calm down. He stared at the ceiling. He still didn't believe it had happened to him. He knew better. He slammed his fist on the bedside. 'Dammit, it's not fair.'
What is? his conscience asked. You know the risks. And you know the proper procedures, it reminded him. It's your own damn fault.
He slowly unclenched his fist, knowing that there was nothing he could do now, but endure.
The drug finally began to affect him. The tension went out of his muscles and his mind drifted to long ago days. He'd been happy as a youth, but even then he'd wanted to go into space. His parents were so totally set against it that he never bothered to ask their approval. They had wanted him to stay on Corell, to marry, settle down and live a dull ordinary life. He couldn't live that way.
He thought about it now. He didn't want to go back. But he might have to. Vader's machine might have caused irreparable damage, and Corelli were just enough different from the human norm that there might not be a doctor in the fleet who could save him.
Slowly he drifted into a restless sleep, unsure of his future and wondering how he was going to deal with the problem.

Despite Solo's disapproval, Luke had to spend sometime in normal space. This made them late for the rendezvous and the only way they could find the the new Rebel base, was if they stumbled a signal left behind for stragglers.

Instead, they were met by a small craft which tottered over to the Falcon. Luke was reassured by a wookiee howl of delight. He waited impatiently while they locked on then jumped the ship to a nearby system. They were back in normal space before the small ship disgorged disheveled passengers and crew.

"Leia, Lando. What are you doing here?"

"Chewie insisted on staying." He was interrupted by a wookiee bellow.

"Han's in his cabin," Luke said, guessing what the question was. As the wookiee took off, Luke turned to Lando. "You have the coordinates?"

Lando nodded, feeding them into the navi-comp.

As they headed for the first of the designated coordinates, Luke listened to their adventures and told them some of his own. He had barely finished when they heard wookiee growls and Corelli curses.

"What was that all about?" Leia asked.

Luke shook his head. "He's probably giving Chewie hell for waking him up."

Lando nodded, listening closely. He looked worried. "Chewie says Han's sick."

Worried, Luke answered apologetically. "Yes. He says it's not really a sickness, just a Corellian condition, and that hyperspace makes it worse."

"But--" Leia stopped, realizing why they couldn't stay in normal space. "How long has he been sick?"

"Almost two months." Luke said wearily. He half smiled. "He's a terrible patient."

"You wouldn't expect him to be a good patient," Leia agreed.

When they came out of hyperspace, Lando and Leia went down to see the patient. Lando didn't stay long, he could see that the two of them wanted to be alone. He headed back to the cockpit, wondering if they knew they'd kill each other inside of a year, if they married. Probably, he thought. Not that an Alderaani princess was going to marry a Corellian pirate.

Looking at Han Solo, Leia felt suddenly shy. She liked Han, perhaps even loved him, but she knew that they could never marry. Not only because of their respective positions but because they'd fight like Dins and Faens.

"Han, I've decided to marry Luke," she said softly, adding, "When he asks me."

He nodded. "Figured you would," he said. "Luke's gonna be quite a catch, once he grows up." He shrugged. "I seen it coming." He smiled. "'Course that doesn't mean you don't love me."

Leia laughed softly. "That's why I'm here." She leaned forward and kissed him lightly.

He stared at her. He'd figured she come here to tell him it was over. Not that there'd ever been anything between them.

"It may be years before Luke asks me," she explained. "And I don't think I can wait that long."

"So?" Han asked, suddenly wary.

"So, I'm asking you, Han. Teach me about sex. Love me so good, I'll be able to wait till Luke grows up."

He looked at her. "You sure?"

She nodded. "If I wasn't I wouldn't be here."

He gently pulled her down beside him, kissing her deeply. Knowing this might be the only time together they would have, he was glad that they were out of hyperspace. This was going to be very interesting.

When Han felt the pain come back, he knew they had jumped back into hyperspace. He nudged Leia. "Better get up, Princess." He looked into sleep dazed eyes. "Luke's gonna be down to make sure I take my shots. You don't want him to walk in on us like this."

She smiled, and shaking herself awake, slipped into the bath. When she came out, immaculately princessish, Han asked her to help him into the shower.

By the time Luke showed up, Han was laying on the bed in a conservative robe and Leia was administering the second shot.

"Oh, Leia. Good. I see Han let you give him his shots." It wasn't the best line he could come up with, but it was better than staring open mouthed.

"I enjoyed sticking it to him," Leia said maliciously.

Han groaned. While the shots were pressure injected and painless, the assimilation was not, and Leia's pun didn't help matters.

When the Falcon caught up with the fleet, the Empire was one step behind. The Rebels were moving on, and everything was in a jumble.

While Leia and Luke went off with Admirals and Generals working on strategy, and Lando helped Chewie with the Falcon, Han Solo headed for the flagships sickbay. If he was lucky...

"I'm looking for a doctor who's familiar with Corelli," Solo said.

The little man before him, looked him up and down insolently, then said. "All humanoids are similiar. I can handle any problem you may have..."

"I asked for a doctor who's familiar with Corelli," Solo grated, lifting the smaller man by his shirt front. "Not an opinion from some dimwit lab assistant." The white coated figure responded to his shaking by gurgling and choking.

"Put him down."

Solo turned to look at a tall man in a surgeons uniform. "I'm looking for a doctor who's worked with Corelli," he said setting the half-conscious assistant down. "He thinks Corelli are the same as other humans."

The tall man nodded. "I'm Dr. Mensai. I worked on Corell for a couple of years." He motioned to an examination room. As they walked in, he went on. "I found it a pleasant but rather dull

place."
"That's for sure," Han agreed, as the doctor set his bio-scanner up for Corelli.
"Now, what seems to be the problem?" Before his patient could answer, he saw the readings. "Oh, I see." He found himself blushing. Dammit, he told himself. It's a normal function.
Han grinned. "It's okay, I know how non-Corelli feel about it."
Dr. Mensai looked puzzled. "Why didn't you go to one of the Corelli doctors? There are several in the fleet."
"I'm a Scaper," Han explained. "I haven't been back to Corell since I was a kid."
The doctor nodded still making adjustments. "You've been in hyperspace?"
"There wasn't much choice," Solo told him. "We had to catch up to the fleet."
Mensai nodded. "You've been taking supplements?"
"Yeah," Solo agreed. "But I've about run through my emergency supply."
Mensai nodded and jotted a note on the computer panel. "I'll give you enough for five months." He shook his head. "After that, I will strand you on an asteroid to keep you out of hyperspace."
"The new base should be set up long before then," the Corelli said, getting to his feet.
"You have some scar tissue that may interere with the lip's function," Mensai said carefully, "I might have to operate."
Han nodded. "I was in Vader's torture chamber."
The delivery cycle went off, and Mensai pulled out a package. He handed it to Solo. "This should be plenty."
"Thanks, doc."

When the new base was set up, Mensai made a visit to the Falcon. He'd been keeping an eye on the stiff necked Corelli for the last three months. He was privately of the opinion that he had never had a worse patient. He'd treated Corelli before. But none of them had been as troublesome as this one. Of course, his previous Corellian patients had all been planeteers. Maybe there was something intrinsically different about Scapers. Solo certainly was bad tempered.
One look at Solo, leaning on the console and Mensai said, "What the hell are you trying to do? Get back in bed and stay there."
Solo looked stubborn. Chewie looked from the stubborn doctor to the stubborn Corelli and solved the problem. He picked his partner up and carried him into his cabin, scolding Han for not following the doctor's orders. His only answer was cursing in several languages.
With a final grumble, the wookiee left the doctor to complete his examination.
Mensai gave Solo several shots. "These should work better, now that we're no longer in hyperspace. But I warn you, if the fleet has to move, you will not be able to."
"But..."
"No buts," Mensai answered shortly. "If you'd taken decent care of yourself, you wouldn't be in this condition."
Han tried to work up the strength to tell the doctor where to go, but he hurt and it would be a bit before the supplements took effect.
"Doctor," Luke said from the doorway, "If there's anything we can do to help..."
"There isn't," Han grunted.
Mensai shrugged. "Keep him from exerting himself." He grinned at Han. "These last few weeks have been more of a strain on him than he will admit." He looked at Luke and Lando. "See that he takes his shots regularly."
"We've been doing that," Luke said.
"To his undying ingratitude," Lando added.
Luke turned to Mensai, "What's wrong with him? Why won't he let us help him?"
Mensai turned to the Corelli. "You haven't told them?"
"You're a doctor and look how you're reacting," Han said tightly.
Mensai shook his head. He could see Solo's point. He looked at Luke and Lando. "I'm afraid I can't tell you what's wrong with him, beside bad temper and worse patience. You'll have to ask him." He grinned. "As for your second question, you know the answer. He's a stubborn--Corelli." He spun and left.
Solo grinned. He was finally getting to that stuffy doctor. His grin faded when he saw that Luke was serious. He did want to know. Han fidgetted and set his jaw. "You don't know what you're asking, kid."
"Han," Lando spoke softly, looking down at his friend's bloated body. "I've never known you to be secretive about anything except bad risks and high stakes." He smiled. "Now which is it?"
"Both." He smiled grimly. Let them chew on that.
Luke sighed and turned away. "If you won't tell us, you won't tell us," he said softly. "But I thought we were friends."
Han bit back the reply that came to his lips. He wanted to keep their friendship and he was afraid that if he told them they wouldn't be able to take it. He knew how non-Corelli felt. He'd lived among them long enough. He watched as the youth started out the door. "All right," he growled. "I'll tell you. But don't say I didn't warn you."
Luke and Lando nodded and sat across from him.
"You remember the woman on Cherdeth?"
Luke nodded. Lando looked blank.
"She was hit by an Aphro Ray," Han explained. "Vader wanted her to have Luke's kid."
Lando nodded and wondered if Han were suffering the Corellian equivalent of sympathy pains.
"She ran into me first," Solo went on, "And never did get around to seducing Luke."
Lando's face reflected his growing certainty that the woman was carrying a half Corellian child.
"That damned ray, didn't give us a chance to think about contraception." He grimaced, remembering. He took a deep breath. "So, I'm pregnant." He smiled beautifically, feeling much

better to have it out in the open.
Two pairs of eyes bugged out. Two jaws dropped and hung slackly.
Lando regained his aplomb first. "It all fits," he said softly, connecting facts which hadn't seemed to fit together.
"It's normal for you?" Luke squeaked. It was a good thing he'd been sitting down.
A slow nod from Han confirmed the query. "That's why Corelli don't want their kids going off into space."
Luke stared, blushing.
Lando smiled, his sense of humor returning. "You know, once this gets around..."
"It won't," Han said.
The two looked at him and then each other. "Very well," Lando said softly.
Luke, still flushed, nodded agreememt.

Star Trek First Season Word Search

R O D I N I U M C G I V E R S O
H E R M G O S S E T T A T O E N
A P C L I C E S P E C I A L R A
R E G U L U S T V U L C A N O I
C L A Y M A R E S T O N E L P R
O A D A R N E L L E E K E L S O
U G N E N U T E I B A R R O W S
R I H X L I T T S O A X O K B A
T C A O S T V H N W V L R R O M
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Mea
Tina
bowling alley
Herm Gossett
Andrea
Balok
Sar
Ruth
duel
Tula
Horta
Regulus
Exo
Botany Bay
Plum
Magda
Jahn
Gorn
Vulcan
Lenore
Talos

Grup
Tonsils
Tormolen
Lee Kelso
Lethe
Keeler
Kirk
Barrows
Kyle
Fox
kevas
Mind-sifter
Anan
Nellis
Antares
Eve
rodinium
Samurai
Onlies
Ross
Leo

Darnell
Delta Vega
Pelagic planet
Ruk
tranya
Stone
Don Juan
police special
Areel
spores
Claymare
McGivers
McCoy
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